

Lynd
250
Campaign Document, No. 12.

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

Our Captive Soldiers.

A UNION SOLDIER TO SECRETARY STANTON.

Twenty-five acres of homestead, —
Meadow, orchard, and spring, —
And amid the laden fruit trees
The voices of song-birds ring.
Where the rippling stream glides lightly
By the fields of rustling corn,
And the winter hearth shines ruddy
When the summer days are gone.

I left that dear old homestead,
In the North, to join the fight;
To brighten our country's honor,
Or die to set her right.
To fight 'mid the smoke and rattle
Where the deadly bullets hiss,
To find a death in battle,
But not such a death as this.

Twenty-five acres of mire,
Cut by a filthy trench;
Stumps, and swamps, and brier;
Vermin, offal, and stench.
Through that black ditch is crawling
The drainings of a sink
Rippled with living corruption,
And this we have to drink!

Thirty thousand wretches
People this region infernal; —
Fathers, brothers, husbands,
In misery seeming eternal!
Twenty-five acres of white men!
(Oh, happier those who fell!)
Whenever new-comers enter,
They whisper, "Is this hell?"

Naked, with nothing to shelter
Against the hot sun's ray;
Hungering, wasting, starving;
Dying a hundred a day.

Horrors no tongue can utter;
Horrors of which could boast
No Black Hole of Calcutta,
No pen on the African coast.

Oh! you who have brought us to it,
And left us in our despair,
(No hope of exchange or succor,)
As you sit in your cushioned chair,
Think what will be *your* portion
In future, — not one of bliss!
To-morrow I'll cross the "dead line,"
And make an end to this.

THE STOCKADE PRISON,
ANDERSONVILLE, Ga. }

"Traitors, Clear the Track."

BY WALTER ANONYM.

AIR — "*Scots wha hae.*"

[From The Boston Post.]

Democrats! whom Jackson led,
Whigs! with Webster at your head,
Forward, with elastic tread:
'Tis a common cause.

Come, united heart and hand,
To redeem our cherished land,
By the Noble "Union" stand,
And our sacred Laws.

By the cursed "free-soil" fraud,
By those specious lies abroad,
Shout we now, with one accord,
Union! — "Little Mac!"

O'er each valley, lake, and dell,
Where a patriot's soul doth dwell,
Shall the thrilling chorus swell:
"Traitors, clear the track!"

See! the eagle from his crag
Leaps, to greet the Union flag;
Who would falter now, or lag
At his Country's call?

Up! the time is flying fast!
List, McClellan's bugle blast!
Up! restore the glorious past!
Forward, one and all!

By our youthful heroes' graves
Strewn where'er the "Old Flag" waves,
Ne'er shall Abolition knaves
Rule our land again.

Purge the land of every trace
Of the sordid, hireling race:
Every mark and line efface
Of the loathsome stain.

We shall need no "sobriquet"
To excite our ranks to-day;
Peace and glory lead the way,
No more spur we back.

On our glorious banner, see!
Union! Laws! *true Liberty!*
Thirty millions of the free!
"Traitors, clear the track!"

Not the Chieftain from the wars,
Red with blood, and rough with scars,
Not the ghastly son of Mars
Do we honor now;

But the patriot, brave and bold,
Unsubdued and uncontrolled,
With the "Old Flag's" tattered fold
Wreathed around his brow.

Dally not! the hour draws near,
'Tis the time for *faith*, not fear:
Steadily the "Old Ship" steer
Through the stormy rack.

O'er each valley, lake, and dell,
Where a patriot's soul doth dwell,
Let the thrilling chorus swell:
"Traitors, clear the track!"

God Save our Noble Land.

God save our noble land,
From Treason's two-edged brand
Draught to devour!
From fierce Rebellion's rage,
Matchless on History's page;
God save our heritage
By his high power.

From equal woe of lust,
That treads into the dust
Our league of State;
That, ruling, breaks the law,
And, fighting, blackens war;
God save us from its maw
Insatiate!

O, God! we're wroth to feel
The rasp of Faction's heel
On Freedom's neck!
Nor shudder less to know
How those we trusted so,
To thwart, with right, the foe,
Our fond hopes wreck!

Save, then, our fathers' God!
The land our fathers' trod
With trust in thee.
Thou gavest them a chief,
Oh! send us, too, relief;
And let the reign be brief,
Of Tyranny.

Our fathers' George was Thine;
In him Thy light did shine
On Freedom's flag.
Their sons two Georges trust,
Oh! make them strong and just,
And let them to the dust
All factions drag!

Voice of the Army.

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

NO WORD AGAINST LINCOLN, BUT ALL ITS SOUL
FOR "LITTLE MAC."

Comrades of the tented field,
Who the flag would never yield,
Making of your hearts a shield
Where the pennon flew;—
Men who have, with steady breath,
Rushed on lines of blazing death,
Thus a wounded brother saith:—
"To yourselves be true!"

Faithful to the Nation's Chief,
Work he bliss or work he grief,
Till the hour of just relief
When our votes we fling;
If he err, not ours to heed;
If he err, 'tis ours to bleed;
This the soldier's simple creed,
And to this we cling!

But, at length the hour is here
 When, with soldier-conscience clear,
 We in judgment may appear
 On his hateful thrall.
 Past respect for his high place
 Bids us only veil the face,
 Shrinking back from the disgrace,
 Sad and silent all !

Turn, oh comrades of the tent,
 Of the flag with bullets rent,
 Of the field with blood besprent,
 Turn to brighter skies !
 See, with soldier brow and hand,
 Sympathizing, calm, and grand,
 Chosen Chief of all the Land,
 Our own McClellan rise !

Let no ribald king or clown
 Lie away our Chief's renown.
 Strike the coward scoffers down,
 Teach them what they are !
 Bats and owlets dread the dawn,
 Cowards, plunderers — all the spawn
 Far from our dread work withdrawn —
 Strive his way to bar.

Vain their efforts, brother tried,
 Sharer of our woe and pride,
 "Little Mac," our friend and guide,
 Our watchword and our star !
 Hail him, drums, with glad alarms,
 Hail him with your fiery charms
 All the din of battling arms :
 YE HIS MUSIC ARE !

CHESNUT HILL, United States General Hospital, }
 Philadelphia, September 17, 1864.

McClellan, the Pride of the Nation.

DEDICATED TO THE KEYSTONE CLUB, PHILADELPHIA.

AIR — "The Red, White, and Blue."

MCCLELLAN, the pride of the Nation !
 Our hearts and our voices unite
 To hail our country's salvation,
 And rejoice in the triumph of right.
 The people already have spoken,
 Proclaimed him the man of their choice ;
 The rod of the despot is broken,
 And every true heart must rejoice.
 Then, hurrah for the man of our choice !
 Three cheers for the Chief of our choice !
 The people already have spoken,
 MCCLELLAN'S the man of our choice.

The gloom, which so long has hung o'er us,
 Will vanish and soon disappear ;
 And a radiant future before us
 The heart of the nation will cheer.
 As of old, ere foul treason assailed it,
 The banner of Union shall wave, —
 The hope of the millions who hailed it, —
 The flag of the free and the brave.
 Hurrah for the free and the brave,
 The flag of the free and the brave,
 The hope of the millions who hailed it,
 The flag of the free and the brave !

With MCCLELLAN the Chief of the Nation,
 The Union of old he'll restore,
 And give us an administration
 Of Justice and Honor once more.
 The Arch of the Union unbroken, —
 Its Keystone as firm as of old ;
 Yes, the people already have spoken,
 The triumph of right is foretold.
 Then hurrah for the man of our choice !
 Three cheers for the Chief of our choice !
 The people already have spoken,
 MCCLELLAN'S the man of our choice.

McClellan the Brave.

AIR — "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

I.

What means this exciting commotion ?
 What means all this rallying of men ?
 And those shouts, like the roar of old ocean —
 Hark ! we hear them again and again.
 'Tis an army of freemen uprising,
 Our birthright from tyrants to save ;
 An army with banners and torches,
 And our leader, McClellan the brave.

CHORUS.

Our leader McClellan the brave,
 Our leader McClellan the brave ;
 An army with banners and torches,
 And our leader McClellan the brave.

II.

Shout our war-cry wherever your voices
 Can proclaim to the world where we stand ;
 And tell that a nation rejoices
 That her day of redemption's at hand.
 Let the friends of the UNION now muster,
 The life of that UNION to save ;
 Not a star shall fade out of the cluster
 If we're led by McClellan the brave.

CHORUS.

If we're led by McClellan the brave,
 If we're led by McClellan the brave ;
 Not a star shall fade out of the cluster
 If we're led by McClellan the brave.

III.

We have suffered in silence and sorrow,
 Till our patience is quite worn away;
 And we pray for the light of to-morrow, —
 The dawn of our victory's day.
 From the East and the West we are coming;
 Forever our banner shall wave,
 Defiance we bid to our foemen,
 As we march with McClellan the brave.

CHORUS.

As we march with McClellan the brave,
 As we march with McClellan the brave;
 Defiance we bid to our foemen
 As we march with McClellan the brave.

IV.

Rise up in your might, oh, ye patriots!
 Fling the banner of faith to the air;
 And wherever the fray shall be fiercest,
 And success the most doubtful — *be there!*
 Be firm in the right, and unflinching,
 Determined your country to save;
 Make the world ring with shouts for the Union,
 And hurrah for McClellan the brave.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for McClellan the brave,
 Hurrah for McClellan the brave;
 Make the world ring with shouts for the Union,
 And hurrah for McClellan the brave.

Rally round McClellan.

A PARODY BY BOZ.

AIR — "*Battle Cry of Freedom.*"

Yes, we'll rally round McClellan, boys, rally once
 again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union.
 And we'll rally from the hillside, we'll gather from
 the plain,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
 Down with Abe Lincoln, up with the star;
 While we rally round McClellan, boys, rally once
 again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
 Down with Abe Lincoln, up with the star;
 While we rally round McClellan, boys, rally once
 again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

We will welcome to our numbers all loyal men
 and true,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union,
 Who will never with their hands in their brothers'
 blood imbue,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
 Down with Abe Lincoln, up with the star;
 While we rally round McClellan, boys, rally once
 again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

So we're springing to the call from the East and
 from the West,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union;
 For McClellan is the man we have loved the best,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
 Down with Abe Lincoln, up with the star;
 While we rally round McClellan, boys, rally once
 again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

The Veteran's Story.

"Crack! crack! went the rifles, and sharper each
 crack:
 We heard a quick gallop — up rode little Mac.
 'Twas 'Forward, my lads!' We went in with a
 dash;
 There was cheer upon cheer, then a volleying
 crash,
 A rush, a blind tumult, a shattering peal,
 A thundered 'Charge bayonets!' the clash of cold
 steel,
 A sharp, sudden pang, and, still clutching my
 gun,
 As I fainted, I heard a 'Hurrah, boys! they
 run!'"

So the old veteran spoke, and, forgetting how
 much
 His lame leg would pain him, he flourished his
 crutch;
 The twinge stopped him short, and across his
 scarred face
 There wrinkled a something, half-smile, half-
 grimace.
 "Had you seen," he went on, "our young general
 when
 He heard rolling round him the shouts of his men.
 He shut up his field-glass, and let the reins fall,
 And wiped his hot brow, and looked round on us
 all.

"I shall never forget the proud glance of his eye,
 His smile of calm triumph, his bearing so high.
 But it all faded out as he saw where I lay
 ('Twas a bayonet-thrust made me this cripple,
 they say),
 And he spoke, his voice choking," (the vet'ran's
 did, too),
 "'My brave lad, I wish I could bear it for you.'
 Do you wonder," he cried, and looked down at his
 limb,
 "'If I'd twenty to give I would give them for
 him?'"

McClellan Campaign Song.

Hark! hear ye the bugle that rouses the people
To save this great nation from ruin and shame?
Whose loud notes are ringing o'er hill and o'er valley,
Proclaiming our faith in McClellan's proud name!
Then up with our banner! Our gallant young leader
Is our best and our bravest—His deeds are our fame.

No jokes from his lips when the whole land is sodden
With the blood that has burst from the hearts of our
braves;
When the face of our country, 'neath the hot breath
of battles
Where our heroes have struggled, is blistered to
graves.
Then up with our banner! Emblazoned upon it,
"We will give to the country the man that she
craves."

He will carry the flag he has led on to battle, —
Not a star would he tear from its broad field of blue;
The flag that 'mid sorrows, privations, and troubles,
O'er the heads of our Fathers triumphantly flew.
Then up with our banner! Our hero and statesman
Can conquer all storms that fanatics can brew.

We don't label him "honest," experience teaches
That trumpeting trademarks but cover deceit;
No rebuke from his lips of his senseless detractors;
His glorious record all falsehood can meet.
Then up with our banner for General McClellan!
Our hopes and our honors we throw at his feet.

He tells us no stories to suit the occasion,
When gravest of destinies balance the scale;
He acts like a man and he talks like a statesman,
Though we never yet heard of his "splitting a rail."
Then up with our banner for George B. McClellan!
With him as our leader, say, how can we fail?

History of the Rise and Fall of the Irrepressible Conflict.

AIR — "*Villikens and his Dinah.*"

There was an old joker in Springfield did dwell,
He wandered all over his stories to tell;
He joked irrepressibly by night and by day,
Till his smutty jokes drove decent people away.

(Spoken — Chorus for the smutty joker and the
Ohio clergyman.)

Ri tu ral, ri tu ral, ri tu ral li da,
Ri tu ral, ri tu ral, ri tu ral li da,
Ri tu ral, ri tu ral, ri tu ral li da,
Ri tu ral, ri tu ral, ri tu ral li da.

Lonely he sat in his rickety chair,
His pockets were empty, his table was bare,
Says he, "I have joked all my fortune away,
I will starve if I don't find some joke that will pay."

(Spoken — Chorus for the joker looking for some-
thing to turn up.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

He put on his hat, to the street he did go;
Through the highways and byways he went to and
fro;
He hunted and squinted through high and through
low,
Till at last he espied a good jolly negro.

(Spoken — A good strong chorus for the almighty
negro.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

This ducky was jolly as jolly could be —
A rollicking, frolicking ducky was he;
His ears and his mouth were a musical riddle,
His leg like a drum-stick, his foot like a fiddle.

(Spoken — Chorus for the jolly nigger.)
Ri tu ral, &c.

He looked him all over from his head to his foot;
Says the joker, "I think this fellow will suit;
I have it — I have it — I see how I may
With Sambo get up a good joke that will pay."

(Spoken — Chorus for the inventor of the irrepres-
sible conflict.)
Ri tu ral, &c.

So he called together the people so dear,
They mustered and rallied from far and from near;
They crowded around him one fine summer day,
To listen and learn what the joker would say.

(Spoken — Chorus for the first Black Republican
mass-meeting.)
Ri tu ral, &c.

He talked of the wrongs of the negro so loud,
Till he touched the poor tender hearts of the crowd;
He talked till he made the fools all believe,
And the joker and Sambo both laughed in their
sleeve.

(Spoken — Chorus for the joker and Sambo, the
Siamese twins.)
Ri tu ral, &c.

They sighed and they sobbed as they crowded around,
They cried till their tears ran down to the ground;
Their poor tender hearts were exceedingly sore,
They wondered they never had seen it before.

(Spoken — Solemn chorus for the weeping Wide-
Awakes.)
Ri tu ral, &c.

When the joker had found what a hit he had made,
He started with Sambo a full stock in trade;
And the madmen and fools shouted loud as he went,
"The joker we'll have for our next President."

(Spoken — Chorus for torch-light processions.)
Ri tu ral, &c.

'Mid the smoke and the fumes of the Wide-Awake
torch, —

Like the ravings of madmen in drunken debauch, —
'Mid the groans for the nigger, and the devil to pay,
They elected the joker one unlucky day.

(Spoken — Chorus for the rail-splitter drifted into
the apex of great events.) — *Lincoln to the Cana-
dian Peace Committee.*

Ri tu ral, &c.

To the sequel we look with sad'ning eye,
While the plaints of the widow ascend to the sky,
While the tears of the orphan and blood of the slain
Point the finger of Banquo to the joker again.

(Spoken — We'll omit the chorus: there is no joke
in this.)

Now debt and taxation pile high up the while,
Like pyramids reared on the banks of the Nile;
While the toils of our fathers all vanish in smoke,
We begin then to see the point of the joke.

(Spoken — A very long chorus for shoddy and
greenbacks.)
Ri tu ral, &c.

And now, my dear hearers, I'll finish my song;
There's an end to the joke, and we'll have it ere long;
When "Mac" and his legions, the people, have spoke,
They'll send him to Springfield to finish the joke.

(Spoken — The chorus will be sixteen good hearty
cheers for GEN. McCLELLAN.)
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
(Repeat four times.)

The Hour and the Man.

AIR—"The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

I.

When the blackness of war overshadowed the land,
The youthful MCCLELLAN was called to command.
As he belted his sabre, and sprang on his steed,
'Twas Scott, the brave veteran, who bade him God-speed.

CHORUS.

Come fill up the cup, and come fill up the can,
And cheer! for the hour has come, and the man;
Our gallant young hero we've placed on the track,
And we'll seat in the White House our brave Little Mac.

II.

Says Mac, to his soldiers—"Strike down the armed foe,
But to wounded and prisoners all gentleness show;
When the battle is over let violence cease,—
Remember we fight but for UNION and PEACE."

CHORUS.

III.

There were foemen before him and foes in his rear,—
In front of him Richmond; but Washington near,—
For Lee and Old Abe were in rivalry then,—
Lee killing, old Abraham stealing his men.

CHORUS.

IV.

How the army was saved—by what miracles wrought,
Ask the soldiers who under McClellan have fought;
How they felt when he lost his command, and again
When he galloped once more at the head of his men.

CHORUS.

V.

South Mountain, Antietam, encircled his name
With a halo as bright as the dawn's ruddy flame;
'Twas then—when his praises rang over the land,
Old Abraham removed the young chief from command.

CHORUS.

VI.

The people have patiently bided their time,
To brand with their verdict the infamous crime;
In the joker's own coinage the debt we'll pay back—
Walk out Mr. Lincoln—walk in Little Mac.

CHORUS.

Come fill up the cup, and come fill up the can,
And cheer! for the hour has come, and the man;
Our gallant young hero we've placed on the track,
And we'll seat in the White House our brave little Mac.

The Cry is Mac, My Darling.

AIR—"Oh, my Nora Crenia, dear."

Mac, my darling, proud I am
To hear that you've been nominated;
Last we met at Antietam,
Where you the rebel might abated.
In the seven days' fight I stood
Beside you on the hills and meadows,
And while our brave boys poured their blood,
We knew your heart was throbbing with us!
Oh, my captain, dear and true,
The coward tongues that would ignore you
Are base as false—thank Heaven they're few!
Your soldiers trust you and adore you.

Abe may crack his jolly jokes
O'er bloody fields of stricken battle,
While yet the ebbing life-tide smokes
From men that die like butchered cattle;
He, ere yet the guns grow cold,
To pimps and pets may crack his stories;
Your name is of the grander mould,
And linked with all our brightest glories!
Oh, my general, dear and true,
The lying tongues that would defame you,
Are base as false—thank Heaven they're few!
For as our chosen chief we claim you.

They say—these dogs of curriish heart,
Who never heard a bullet whistle—
You'd let the Union drift apart
Like down-flakes from a shaking thistle;
They say, oh captain—but the words
Stick in our throats—we can't adjust 'em,
But lift to Heaven our dinted swords,
And answer only this: "We trust him!"
Yes, oh friend of rights and laws,
Despite the sneers of fool or craven,
Where hearts beat highest for the cause,
You have your home, your shrine and haven!

With patient toil and pitying breast
You sought your soldiers' blood to treasure,
Nor ever tried the cruel test,
How much we could endure to measure.
They feared you, for they saw our love;
To win success they would not let you;
But while the white stars shine above,
The boys you led will ne'er forget you!
Yes, oh captain! loved and true,
Desert you—we would perish rather;
Thank Heaven the hearts are not a few
That call you brother, friend, and father!

FIRST DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS,
IN THE FIELD, September 5.

FREEHOLD WITHOUT THE NEGRO OR LEASEHOLD WITH THE NEGRO—WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

Stop a moment, honest Freesoiler, we want to reason with you. Let your plow stand in the furrow, breathe your horses, and put on your thinking cap. You believe in the emancipation proclamation? "Yes." You don't want the President to back out of it? "No." The war, then, must go on, so far as your vote can influence it, till the slaves are all free.

Now, honest friend, have you ever thought what this experiment of freeing all negroes

is likely to cost you? Are you willing to mortgage your farm for half its value, for your share in defraying the expense? Why, dear man, it is *already* mortgaged to nearly that extent, and every year the war is continued patches this mortgage with another on the back of it. Give your attention a moment, and we will make this as plain as the rail fence that divides your farm from your neighbors. You must, of course, see that the public debt is a mortgage on the property of

the whole country, for this property may be taken by law to pay it. If you were so rich as to own half of the property you would owe half the debt; if you owned a hundredth or a thousandth part of the property, you would owe a hundredth or a thousandth part of the debt; that is, your share of the debt is just in proportion to your share of the property. Now it so happens that this is a thing that is easily got at; so that if you will tell us the value of your farm we will tell you what part of it is already mortgaged to the government. We are not going to impose upon you by any statement which we have cooked up to serve a purpose; the figures we will use are taken from documents prepared by Republican officials; and as for the arithmetic, you are just as competent to verify our calculations as we are to make them. So, good farmer Grippedollar, give heed!

If you will call on the member of Congress for your district, or at any newspaper office in your county, you can get an opportunity to examine a book prepared by Mr. KENNEDY, chief of the census bureau, containing the figures of the eighth census. Turn to page one hundred and ninety-four, and you will find a table giving the assessed value of all the real estate in every state and territory of the United States. You will observe by the footing at the bottom of the column, that it amounts in all to \$6,973,106,049. If you will then take out and add together the figures representing the real estate of the slave states, the amount will be \$2,377,904,357. Subtracting this from the whole you will have left \$4,595,191,692 as the total assessed value of all the land and buildings in the free states and the territories; of which your farm and the buildings and improvements upon it are a part. Now in finding the *debt* which stands against this property, we will lead you on ground which you must regard as equally solid. Look up almost any file of a city newspaper for the month of July last, and you will find in the financial column an official statement of the public debt as it existed on the 5th of July, purporting to be

taken from the books of the Treasury Department, and signed by the acting Secretary of the Treasury. According to this statement the debt was, at that date, \$1,792,867,040. A few days previous to the publication of these figures, the Secretary made a semi-official statement that the debt was then increasing at the rate of \$2,500,000 a day. There have intervened since the 5th of July up to this 26th day of September eighty-three days which, at that rate, would bring an addition to the debt of \$217,500,000; which added to the amount on the 5th of July, makes the present debt, \$2,010,367,040. There are the best reasons for supposing the debt to be much larger, but we take the official figures because they cannot expose us to any suspicion of exaggeration.

With these data, it is easy to determine the amount of mortgage which rests on any particular farm by reason of the public debt. If the farm be worth \$9,000, it is mortgaged to the government for \$4,000; if it is worth \$4,500, it is mortgaged for \$2,000, and in the like proportion for any larger or smaller value. Nearly half of your farm is already gone; four years more of war would make the mortgage to the public creditors about equal to its assessed value. Are you *willing* to prosecute the experiment of freeing the negroes at this cost? By the time the experiment is completed, you will be as much a slave as the negroes themselves. For in what does slavery consist, but in one man's laboring and another having a legal title to the fruits of his labor? The slave labors, and the master pockets his earnings. *You* labor, and your earnings, all but a small subsistence, will go to pay for the luxury of the emancipation proclamation. Are you so enamored of this prospect that you will vote for doubling the present heavy mortgage which the government holds on your farm? Ponder this thing well in your own mind; talk it over with your neighbors; and see if there is any way of getting rid of the conclusion that a proportionate share of the public debt is a mortgage on *your* property.

THE HARRISON BAR LETTER.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Harrison's Bar, James River, July 4, 1862.

To the President: — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch of the 2d instant.

I shall make a stand at this place, and endeavor to give my men the repose they so much require.

After sending my communication on Tuesday, the enemy attacked the left of our lines, and a fierce battle ensued, lasting until night; they were repulsed with great slaughter. Had their attack succeeded, the consequences would have been disastrous in the extreme. This closed the hard fighting which had continued from the afternoon of the 26th ult. in a daily series of engagements, wholly unparalleled on this continent for determination and slaughter on both sides.

The mutual loss in killed and wounded is enormous; that of the enemy certainly greatest. On Tuesday evening the 1st, our army commenced its movement from Haxall's to this point, our line of defence there being too extended to be maintained by our weakened forces. Our train was immense, and about 4 A. M. on the 2d a heavy storm of rain began, which continued during the entire day, and until the forenoon of yesterday.

The road became horrible. Troops, artillery, and wagons moved on steadily, and our whole army, men and material, was finally brought safe into this camp. The last of the wagons reached here at noon yesterday. The exhaustion was very great, but the army preserved its *morale*, and would have repelled any attack which the enemy was in condition to make.

We now occupy a line of heights about two miles from the James, a plain extending from there to the river. Our front is about three miles long. These heights command our whole position, and must be maintained. The gun-boats can render valuable support on both flanks. If the enemy attack us in front, we must hold our ground as best we may, and at whatever cost.

Our positions can be carried only by overwhelming numbers. The spirit of the

army is excellent. Stragglers are finding their regiments, and the soldiery exhibit the best results of discipline. Our position is by no means impregnable, especially as a morass extends on this side of the high ground from our centre to the James on our right. The enemy may attack in vast numbers, and if so our front will be the scene of a desperate battle, which, if lost, will be decisive. Our army is fearfully weakened by killed, wounded, and prisoners. I cannot now approximate to any statement of our losses, but we are not beaten in any conflict. The enemy were unable, by their utmost efforts, to drive us from any field. Never did such a change of base, involving a retrograde movement, and under incessant attacks from a most determined and vastly more numerous foe, partake so little of disorder. We have lost no guns except 25 on the field of battle, 21 of which were lost by the giving way of McCall's division under the onset of superior numbers.

Our communications by the James River are not secure. There are points where the enemy can establish themselves with cannon or musketry and command the river, and where it is not certain that our gun-boats can drive them out. In case of this, or in case our front is broken, I will still make every effort to preserve at least the *personnel* of the army, and the events of the last few days leave no question that the troops will do all that their country can ask. Send such reinforcements as you can. I will do what I can. We are shipping our wounded and sick, and landing supplies. The Navy Department should coöperate with us to the extent of its resources. Captain Rodgers is doing all in his power, in the kindest and most efficient manner.

When all the circumstances of the case are known, it will be acknowledged by all competent judges that the movement just completed by this army is unparalleled in the annals of war. Under the most difficult circumstances we have preserved our trains, our guns, our material, and above all, our honor.

G. B. McC., *Maj-Gén.*